

Rocky Lake

10





ROCKY LANE WESTERN

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE * COWBOY WESTERN HEROES * CRIME AND JUSTICE * FUNNY ANIMALS
 BHI die this every comic * HAUNTED * HOT RODS AND RACING CARS * THE THING
 LASH LARUE WESTERN * ROCKY LANE WESTERN * ZOO FUNNIES * SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC STORY * SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES * STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS * TEX RITTER WESTERN * TRUE LIFE SECRETS * TV TRENS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



BORDANO
ALASCIA

THE FLAMINGO IS A HIDE-OUT FOR CUTTHROATS AND CROOKED GAMBLERS! THE INNOCENT WHO ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLE WITHIN ITS PORTALS RARELY LIVE TO TELL WHAT THEY SAW! AND IF ANYONE DARED TO QUESTION THE GOINGS ON, THEY HAD TO ANSWER TO THE FLAMINGO'S GUARDIAN, THE HUMAN GORILLA, BATES!

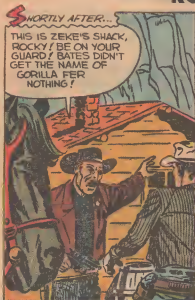
AT A SHACK JUST OUTSIDE CACTUS GULCH...



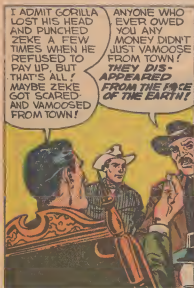
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



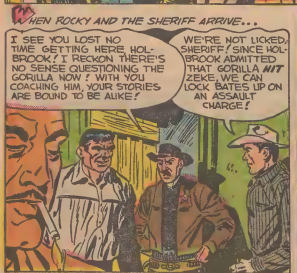
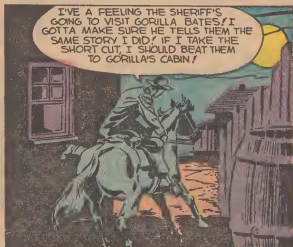
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BUT HOLBROOK GETS THE SAME IDEA...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

YOU CRAZY FOOL! THAT'LL ONLY MAKE THE LAW ANGRIER! EVEN IF THEY LOCKED YOU UP THEY COULDN'T HOLD YOU WITHOUT ZEKE TO PRESS CHARGES. THEY'D HAVE TO LET YOU GO! NOW BE SMART AND GIVE YOURSELF UP!



BUT I DON'T AIM TO LET HIM GET ANOTHER SOCK AT ME BEFORE I GET A FEW IN MYSELF!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ROCKY?

MY HEAD'S SPINNING LIKE A TOP! AND HE DIDN'T EVEN HIT ME A CLEAN PUNCH! I HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE EVER HIT ANYONE SQUARELY ON THE BUTT!



OKAY, SHERIFF, I'LL GO WITH YOU!

I SURE WOULD'VE LIKED THE OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE BACK AT GORILLA, BUT OUR JOB IS TO TAKE HIM IN! IF HE DOESN'T RESIST ARREST, I GOT NO RIGHT TO TAKE A PUNCH AT HIM!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF LET'S TAKE HIM IN!

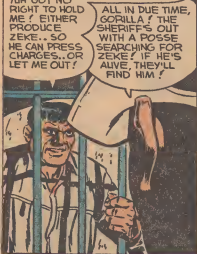


SHORTLY AFTER...

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ME IN THIS CAGE?

YUH GOT NO RIGHT TO HOLD ME! EITHER PRODUCE ZEKE... SO HE CAN PRESS CHARGES... OR LET ME OUT!

ALL IN DUE TIME, GORILLA! THE SHERIFF'S OUT WITH A POSSE SEARCHING FOR ZEKE! IF HE'S ALIVE, THEY'LL FIND HIM!



THE NEXT DAY...

NO LUCK, ROCKY! WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, BUT COULDN'T FIND HIDE NOR HAIR OF ZEKE!

RECKON THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO UNCAGE THE GORILLA!



YOU CAN GO, BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN HERE FOR KEEPS!

TALKS CHEAP, SHERIFF! OUT OF MY WAY BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER AGAIN!

AND ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL FINISH THAT FIGHT! I'VE STILL GOT AN ACHING JAW TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS FOR!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE FLAMING FLAMINGO...



JUST WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET MARRIED, HOLBROOK?

AS SOON AS I SAVE UP ENOUGH MONEY, LUCY!

WHAT KIND OF HOKUM ARE YOU HANDING ME? AS OWNER OF THIS JOINT, YOU MAKE MORE MONEY THAN EVERY ONE ELSE IN TOWN PUT TOGETHER!

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND THIS OUT SOONER OR LATER, LUCY, SO I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE TRUTH. COME INSIDE!



I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU, HONEY, NOT TO REPEAT ANYTHING I SAY! BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT I DON'T OWN THE FLAMING FLAMINGO! GORILLA IS THE REAL BOSS!

I DON'T GET IT!



HE REALIZES EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF HIM? IF THEY KNEW HE WAS THE TRUE OWNER, THEY WOULDN'T COME IN HERE TO GAMBLE! THAT'S WHY HE BOUGHT THE PLACE IN MY NAME! ALL I GET IS A MEASLY PINTANCE FER FRONTING FER HIM!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU QUIT AND OPEN UP A PLACE OF YOUR OWN?



I CAN'T QUIT! GORILLA IS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON BESIDES YOURSELF WHO KNOWS THAT I ESCAPED FROM PRISON! HE'S WARNED ME THE MOMENT I TRY TO QUIT, HE'LL GO TO THE LAW AND TELL THEM ALL ABOUT ME! I'M STUCK HERE UNLESS I WANT TO END UP BACK IN PRISON! GORILLA'S MADE A SLAVE OF ME, AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!



I THINK DIFFERENTLY! SINCE THE FLAMING FLAMINGO IS IN YOUR NAME, IT WOULD BE ALL YOURS IF BATES KICKED OFF! AND WHAT'S MORE, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYONE LEFT TO EXPOSE YOUR PAST!

IF YOU'RE THINKING I SHOULD TRY TO KILL HIM, LUCY, IT'S NO GO! I SNEAKED INTO HIS CABIN ONE NIGHT WHEN I THOUGHT FER SURE HE'D BE SLEEPING! BUT...



HE MUST HAVE SUSPECTED I WAS UP TO SOMETHING! AS I CREEPT IN, HE CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD AND GAVE ME THE BEATING OF MY LIFE!



AND THE NEXT TIME YOU TRY ANYTHING LIKE THIS, HOLBROOK, WILL BE THE LAST TIME!

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MAYBE I'M A COWARD, LUCY, BUT I'M AFRAID TO TRY AGAIN!

IT WOULD BE STUPID TO KILL HIM! THE LAW'S BOUND TO CATCH UP TO A MURDERER SOONER OR LATER! YOU CAN GET RID OF BATES JUST BY USING YOUR HEAD!



YEAH? HOW?

THESE GAMBLERS WHO OWED THE FLAMINGO FLAMINGO MONEY AND DISAPPEARED... JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?



WHAT DO YOU THINK? THE GORILLA KILLED THEM AND BURIED THEIR BODIES IN THE HILLS, SO THE LAW COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING AGAINST 'IM!

WELL... THE NEXT TIME THIS HAPPENS, LET ME KNOW! I'VE GOT A PERFECT PLAN!

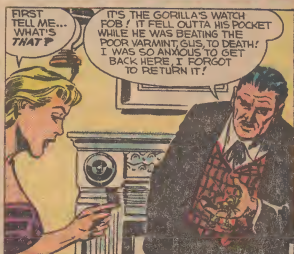
A

FEW DAYS LATER...



YOU ASKED ME TO WAIT AFTER THE FLAMINGO CLOSED! WHAT IS IT, HOL-BROOK?

I WAS OUT ON A GAMBLING DEBT COLLECTION VISIT WITH THE GORILLA THIS AFTERNOON! I SAW WHERE HE BURIED THE BODY THIS TIME! NOW WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

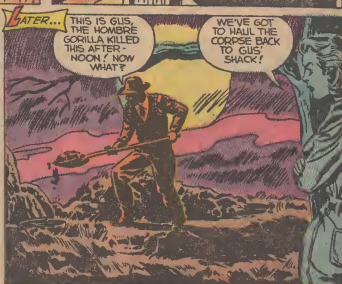


FIRST TELL ME... WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE GORILLA'S WATCH FOB! IT FELL OUTTA HIS POCKET WHILE HE WAS BEATING THE POOR VARMINT, GUS, TO DEATH! I WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET BACK HERE, I FORGOT TO RETURN IT!



IT'S A GOOD THING YOU DID! IT'LL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY! NOW I WANT YOU TO LEAD ME TO WHERE THE BODY'S HIDDEN! AND WE'D BETTER PICK UP A COUPLE OF SHOVELS ON THE WAY!



LATER...

THIS IS GUS, THE HOMBRE GORILLA KILLED THIS AFTERNOON! NOW WHAT?

WE'VE GOT TO HAUL THE CORPSE BACK TO GUS' SHACK!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SHORTLY AFTER...

NOW JUST DROP THE BODY ON THE FLOOR AND I'LL LEAVE THE GORILLA'S WATCH FOB. THAT'LL DEFINITELY TIE BATES UP WITH THE KILLING!



WHAT? DON'T TELL ME *THIS* IS YOUR PLAN! IF I KNEW IT I'D NEVER HAVE WASTED ALL THIS TIME! IT'S NO GOOD, LUCY! THE GORILLA KNOWS I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHERE HE HID THE BODY! HE'LL KILL ME FOR TRYING TO DOUBLE CROSS HIM!

RELAX! DEAD MEN CAN'T KILL!



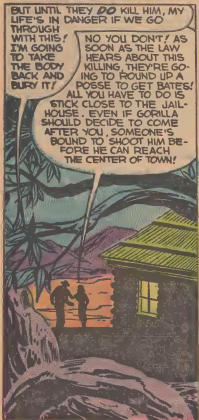
BUT THE GORILLA'S NOT DEAD!

HE WILL BE... MIGHTY SOON! THE GORILLA'S THE TOUGHEST HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS. THE LAW KNOWS THE ONLY WAY TO CAPTURE HIM IS TO KILL HIM!



BUT UNTIL THEY *DO* KILL HIM, MY LIFE'S IN DANGER IF WE GO THROUGH WITH THIS! I'M GOING TO TAKE THE BODY BACK AND BURY IT!

NO YOU DON'T! AS SOON AS THE LAW HEARS ABOUT THIS KILLING, THEY'RE GOING TO ROUND UP A POSSE TO GET BATES! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STICK CLOSE TO THE JAIL-HOUSE. EVEN IF GORILLA SHOULD DECIDE TO COME AFTER YOU, SOMEONE'S BOUND TO SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE CENTER OF TOWN!



YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, LUCY! MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

OF COURSE I'M RIGHT! BY MORNING YOU'LL BE THE OWNER OF THE FLAMING FLAMINGO AND I'LL BE YOUR WIFE! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO TOWN SO I CAN TIP OFF THE LAW THAT I HEARD GORILLA SAY HE WAS GOING OUT TO GUS' SHACK!

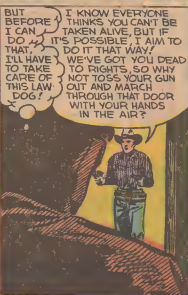
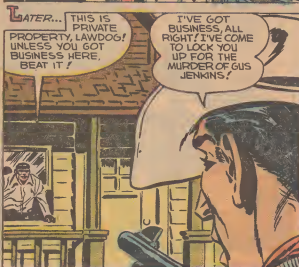


DAWN... GORILLA SURE DID VISIT GUS. AND THIS TIME WE'VE GOT GUS' BODY TO PROVE IT! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I FOUND BATE'S WATCH FOB NEAR THE VICTIM! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK HIMSELF OUT OF *THIS*!

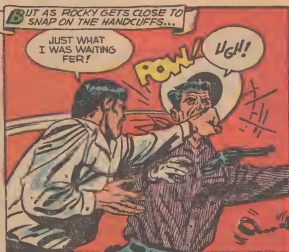
I ROUNDED UP A POSSE JUST LIKE YOU ASKED, ROCKY! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



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BUT THE GROGGY ROCKY REACHES OUT FOR THE JUTTING BRANCH...



THE MOMENTUM OF GORILLA'S TOSS KEEPS ROCKY SWINGING BACK AND FORTH...

THAT BLOW ON HIS HEAD WAS HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK ANY VARMINT OUT, BUT I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO SOFTEN THIS LAW-DOG UP A LITTLE MORE BEFORE I PUT THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIM!

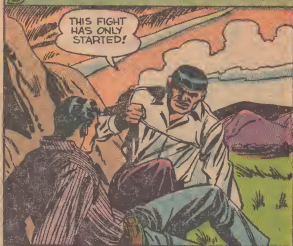


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AND AS GORILLA CLOSES IN ON THE MARSHAL...



BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO STOP BATES...



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AND AS ROCKY LEADS THE BEATEN GORILLA BACK TO TOWN...

(GULP!) LOOK, LUCY! HE TOOK RATES ALIVE! IF BATES HASN'T DONE IT ALREADY, HE'LL SURELY SQUEAL ON ME NOW! I GOTTA BEAT IT!

I'M GOING WITH YOU, HOLBROOK! DON'T FORGET, I'M MIXED UP IN THIS, TOO!



AS THEY TRY TO RUN OFF...

NO YOU DON'T! FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, HOLBROOK, YOU'VE GOT AN UNFINISHED JAIL SENTENCE TO COMPLETE! AND AS FOR YOUR GIRLFRIEND, LUCY SHE'S NOT EXACTLY INNOCENT EITHER!



LATER...

GORILLA SURELY WILL SWING FER MURDER, ROCKY! AS FER HOLBROOK, HE NOT ONLY HAS TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE, BUT WILL HAVE TO FACE A NEW ONE, TOO, FOR ACTING AS BATES' ACCOMPLICE! AND LUCY... SHE'LL DO TIME FER SHIELDING AN ESCAPED CONVICT!



WELL, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER HERE, SHERIFF. SO I RECKON I'LL BE MOSEYING ON!

SO LONG, ROCKY! THANKS AGAIN FER CLEANING UP THIS MESS!



The End

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in **CURTAINS FOR CURLY**

STOPPING FOR THE NIGHT IN A SMALL TOWN, ROCKY LANE DISCOVERS SOME UNUSUAL ENTERTAINMENT...

FAMOUS PRAIRIE MAGICIAN, EH? I CAN'T SAY I EVER HEARD OF THIS CURLY CARTER... BUT IT SEEMS LIKE AN INTERESTING WAY TO SPEND A FEW HOURS! RECKON I'LL GO INSIDE AND BE AMAZED.

IN PERSON
Curly Carter

SEE THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE MAGICIAN MAKE YOUR MONEY VANISH!

WELL I'LL BE HORSE-WHIPPED... IF IT AIN'T ROCKY LANE! WHAT **YOU** DOING IN THESE PARTS, MARSHAL?

SHERIFF HUDSON! I RODE IN A FEW MINUTES AGO.. THEY TOLD ME DOWN AT THE JAIL YOU WERE GONE FOR THE DAY AND I CAME IN HERE TO KILL SOME TIME!

THIS FELLER'S **GOOD**, CONSARN IT! I HEAR TELL HE ENDS THE SHOW WITH THE BEST TRICK OF ALL...

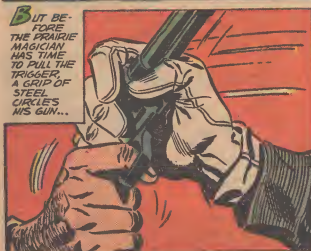
MAKING MONEY VANISH, I'LL BET!

...AND FOR THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING, FOLKS, I'D LIKE ALL THE LAWMEN IN THE AUDIENCE TO COME UP TO THE STAGE.. IS THE TOWN SHERIFF HERE ..OR...?

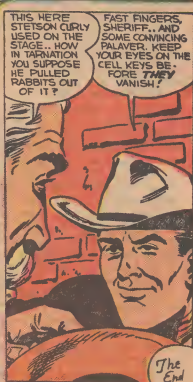
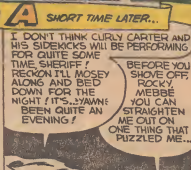
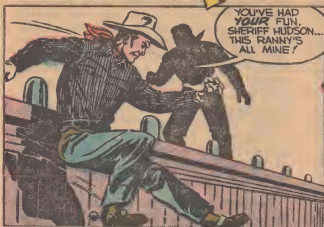
C'MON, ROCKY... LET'S HELP THE FELLER OUT! IT'LL SORTA MAKE **US** PART OF THE SHOW!

NOW IF YOU TWO GENTLEMEN WILL JUST PUT YOUR SMOKEPOLES HERE ON THIS TABLE.. WHERE THEY'LL BE OUT OF HARM'S WAY.. I'LL GO ON WITH THE MOST SPECTACULAR STUNT OF ALL!

LET'S DO LIKE HE SAYS, ROCKY! HEE HEE.. I'M GETTING A KICK OUTTA THIS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



DAY FOR JUSTICE

The warden at Western State Prison looked at Chad Benson and shook his head.

"You still aren't cured, Chad," he said. "You still haven't learned to let by-gones be by-gones!"

"I was framed, Warden," Chad Benson said. The eyes of the man, set in their frozen mask of hatred, flashed fire.

"Maybe," the warden said. "But it was you who were sent here for killing that guy at Pinebutte." He narrowed his eyes. "I know there's mistakes in justice, Chad. I know they're like a poison eating a man's heart out. But no matter what, you've served your time, you've paid your debt to the state of Nevada and now you've got a chance to go straight." He shook his head. "I don't know who it is you think framed you, but when you leave here, I'd stay away from him. As I remember your trial record, you got a pretty itchy finger with a six-gun."

Chad Benson smiled. But his frozen mask hadn't really changed. It was a smile of ice.

"Why, I don't aim to even touch a six-gun again, Warden," he said. "Reckon I'll get me a job as a rannyan on some spread. 'Course if I happen to meet up with the guy who framed me, there's no reason I can't use my dukes on him instead of a gun."

The Warden nodded.

"Well, a five-day stretch in the town cooler for fighting is better than a life-term here, Chad," he said. "Maybe you've learned after all." He reached into the prison cash box, drew out a five dollar bill and handed it to Chad.

"Thanks, Warden," Chad said. He looked down at the cheap pair of jeans and boots the State had given him only that morning. He put the State's five dollar bill away in the jeans. "So long, Warden." Then he wheeled and walked stiffly to the door. At the door a guard escorted him outside to the prison yard.

His heart quickened, but he gave no sign of his excitement. The guard patted his shoulder in a friendly way at the gate.

"So long, Chad," he said. "Good luck."

Chad waved a careless hand.

"Take care of the place, Charlie," he said. "And keep the gates locked!" Again he flashed that frozen smile.

When he reached the corner, the smile had

vanished. Even the frozen mask of hatred was gone. Now a cold, calculating look of deep resolve had replaced it.

At the railroad station, Chad found he had enough fare to get him to Pinebutte. That Stan still lived in Pinebutte he'd heard from occasional, infrequent letters from old friends there. To cover his tracks, he didn't buy a ticket at the station, but paid for one on the train itself. That way, he reflected, the prison officials, if they were that interested, wouldn't be able to tell exactly where he'd gone. He needed only a few hours to do his work in. After that it would be a simple matter to put a couple of states between himself and pursuit.

If there was any pursuit, he mused to himself. Killing Stan in vengeance for having framed him could easily be done secretly. No one even need know that he was in Pinebutte at all.

Ten years, he thought. Ten years in prison he'd spent to satisfy justice for the State. Now Stan Siddon would see justice in the loud roar of a gun's mouth.

His hands twitched, as he thought of the long, cool length of a six-shooter. The warden had been right. He'd been known as a tricky man with a hog-leg. And vain about his guns, too. They had special silver inlay all over the barrel. Everybody in Pinebutte had known Chad's guns. That was why it had been so easy for Stan to steal one while Chad slept in the shack they bunked in together, steal out and kill his own enemy with it, then leave it by the dead body where it would be found to convict Chad. That and Chad's reputation for a fast gun had convinced the jury of his guilt.

His fists clenched into a ball. He knew Stan was guilty. The dead man had been his enemy, and only Stan could have stolen the gun as he lay sleeping. But the cold, hord-eyed men of a western jury didn't believe that. They'd said he was lucky getting off with only ten years, instead of being strung up right away and stowed in Boot Hill Cemetery.

Chad left the train at Flatrock, the town just before Pinebutte. A smaller place than Pinebutte, there were no loungers on the platform as he alighted. Instantly his eyes took in the horizon beyond Flatrock. Seven miles to the west was Pinebutte, and in between, the buttes

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

and stands of pine that gave it its name. He skirted Flatrock, his fingers still itching for the feel of a gun. But he knew he didn't have enough money to buy one. Besides, it would have been dangerous to buy a gun in any case. Depending on what direction he'd have to flee in, it might be unwise to come high-tailing back through Flatrock after a murder.

That meant, he knew, that Stan Siddan would die by his own gun.

It was long past noon when Chad left Flatrock itself behind and started out for Pinebutte. The shack he and Stan had lived in when they'd been partners was outside of the town, set on ten acres of grazing land Stan had inherited from his father.

By five-thirty he'd managed to round Pinebutte itself, and pushed on toward Stan's ten acres, driven by hate.

It was just as the shack came into view, between two huge pine trees, that he saw Stan Siddan gallop up from the direction of the tawn. That it was Stan he didn't doubt for an instant. He'd know that shack of white hair, those broad shoulders anywhere. Throwing himself on the ground, he waited until Stan had drawn rein in front of his own door and gone into the shack. Then he raced up, dodging far cover from bush to mesquite bush.

The last lap to the shack was over a hundred feet. He made it on his belly, crawling silently. Reaching the back door, he drew himself to his feet and stood there panting, trying to get his breath.

Inside he could hear hurried, frenzied sounds. A puzzled look crossed Chad's face. It sounded as though drawers were being flung out on the floor and emptied. Panic ran through him. For some reason Stan was about to decamp. Putting a hand out, he gingerly opened the back door. It gave without a noise. Through the opening he saw Stan with his back to him. The room was in a shambles. Hurriedly Stan was tying up a small bundle. Then, with an oath, Stan dropped to his feet beside a small cashbox. He wrenched it open, seized the handful of dollar bills it contained and started putting them in a wallet.

Chad jumped. He landed on his heels just behind Stan. Both guns hanging from Stan's holsters snapped back into Chad's hands. With a growl, Stan whirled.

"What the dev . . ." he began. Abruptly his eyes widened in fear. "Chad Benson! You . . ." he gulped. "You got sprung?"

Chad smiled grimly. He drew back the hammers of both of the guns and watched Stan lick dry lips.

"You dirty, framin' rock-toad," he began softly. "I promised myself I'd never rest until I killed you, Stan, far what you did to me, and now I will!" His eyes fell on the cash in Stan's hands. "And it'll be your own dough that'll make my get-a-way easier!"

"Listen, Chad," Stan interrupted, hurriedly. "You gotta listen! Never mind what I did. Never mi . . ."

Both guns roared. Stan staggered back, clutching at his heart. He twisted in agony, then crumpled with a crash to the floor.

Chad bent, breathing heavily. He was about to gather up the cash when a voice behind him spoke: "Reach, stranger!"

Chad's guns tumbled to the floor. Standing up he turned. A man with a tin-star stood there, covering him with six-guns.

"I'm the Sheriff," the man said. "Been a little killin' here, hey?" He paused. "What's your name?"

Chad shrugged. They had him dead to rights now. This was no killing far which he'd been framed. For this one he'd hang.

"My name's Chad Benson," he said sullenly.

The Sheriff's brows shat up.

"That name's familiar . . ." he began musingly. Then his eyes lighted up in recognition. "I remember the farmer Sheriff tellin' me about you. Killed a man didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," Chad said bitterly. "This cayote did. Only he framed me far it. Far ten years in the State pen, I swore I'd have justice when I got out — my kind of justice!"

The Sheriff shook his head. He took out a pair of handcuffs and clamped them on Chad Benson's wrists.

"I heard tell you were too fast in your judgments," he said. "You didn't have to kill Stan Siddan if you wanted justice — or revenge. He shot a man to death over a card game in Pinebutte an hour ago. He lit out for home to get his money and high-tail it. I was on my way out here to arrest him for murder!"

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1907 AND JULY 3, 1908 (TIN 24, United States Code, Sec. 491), SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF ROCKY LANE WESTERN, published Monthly at Greenwich, Conn., far Sept. 16, 1942.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher — Edward Levy, New Haven, Conn.

Editor and Managing Editor — Burton N. Levy, Orange, Conn.

Business Manager, John Santagato, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent of more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Song Mfg. Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

Edward Levy, New Haven, Connecticut

John Santagato, Derby, Connecticut

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

Paragraphs 2 and 3 include in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs above the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of September, 1942.
(SEAL)

BURTON N. LEVY, Editor

Notary Public (Notary Public)

(My commission expires April 1, 1943.)



ROPING N' RIDING With

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, Pards.

Black Jack and I rolled back home again yesterday, winding up another interesting trip. This time we rambled through parts of the great Northwest, camping out 'most every night.

A bear came poking around our camp one night and got himself into a peck of trouble. A bear is a nosy and grumpy animal and they seem to always be on the prod, for no reason at all.

I was just falling asleep and didn't hear the varmint until he got caught. I reckon he stuck his snoot into a can of baking powder I forgot to put the cover back on and when he took a sniff, some of it went up his nose, and when he tried to open his mouth to sneeze, his snoot wedged in deeper and got stuck. He went high-tailing it out of there, busting down the timber every jump of the way. I laughed till I thought my sides would split, but I reckon that grizzly learned a lesson he won't forget in a hurry about poking his nose in other folks' things.

Well, Pards, I reckon Black Jack and I better start getting the chores done. So, so long and good luck! We'll be in touch with you in our next issue and from the movie screen.

Yours for more action. Your pals,

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE
and BLACK JACK U

P.S.- Both Black Jack and I hope you will see our latest movie adventures now showing on your local theatre screens.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HE WAS ONE BULLET AWAY FROM DEATH WHEN JEAN FARGO MET...

The STRANGER

I SURE WISH THAT NEW SHERIFF HAD ARRIVED BY NOW! RIDING DOWN TO BUCKLETOWN LIKE THIS, WITH ALL THE GOLD FROM OUR MINE, I'M A SITTING DUCK FOR BANDITS! DAD WARNED ME ABOUT ONE IN PARTICULAR...A DEADLY KILLER!



I'LL NEVER GET THERE NOW! LUCKY IF I ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE! W-WHY COULDN'T THAT SHERIFF'VE GOTTEN HERE SOONER?



I'M DONE FOR NOW! I...I WONDER WHICH ONE OF 'EM IS COULTER... DAD SAYS HE CAN SMELL GOLD A MILE AWAY! AND HE NEVER LEAVES A VICTIM ALIVE TO TELL ABOUT HIS ROBBERIES...



TWO OF 'EM...GOT ME AMBUSHED REAL PROPER... AND MY AMMO WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER! DAD TOLD ME...SAID THIS GUNSLINGER WHO'S GOT THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE TERRORIZED SPECIALIZES IN DRYGULCHING!



SOMEONE UP THERE ON THE ROCKS... ARGHHH!

DIVE FOR COVER, MA'M... BULLETS BOUNCING AROUND... ACCIDENTAL-LIKE... MIGHT NICK YOU!

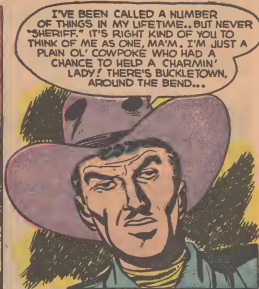
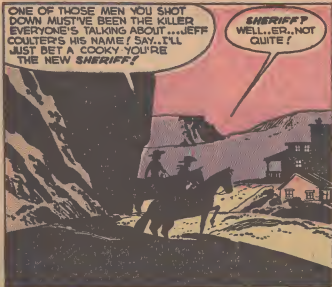


I...I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU, SIR! I WAS TAKING GOLD FROM MY DAD'S MINE TO THE BANK IN BUCKLETOWN, WHEN THESE RANNIES STARTED POURING LEAD AT ME! NOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

FORGET IT, MA'M - NO-THING TO IT! I BETTER SEE THAT YOU GET TO TOWN!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

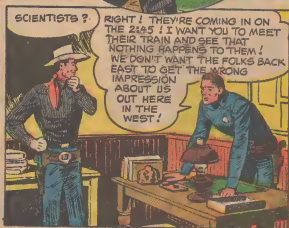


ROCKY LANE WESTERN

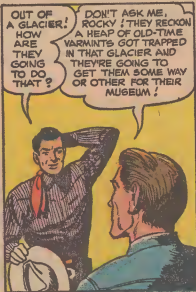
REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

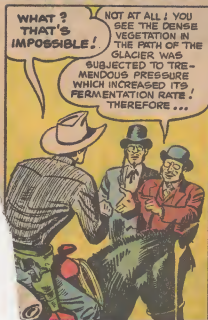
in the CAVERN OF DEATH



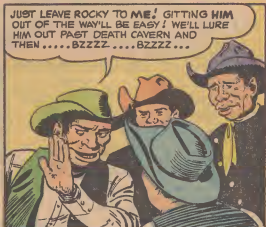
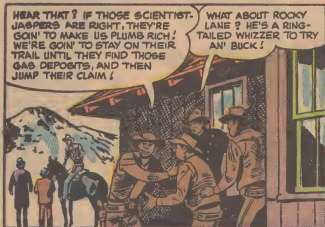
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



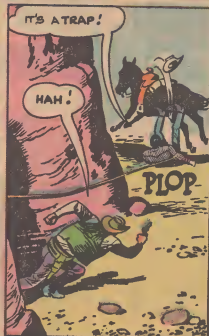
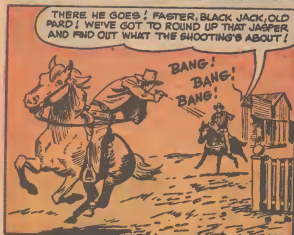
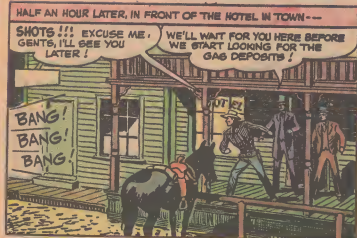
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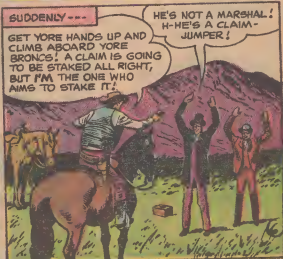
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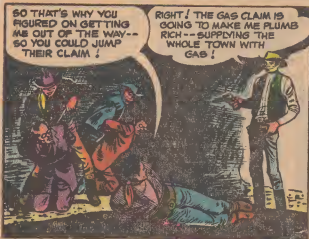
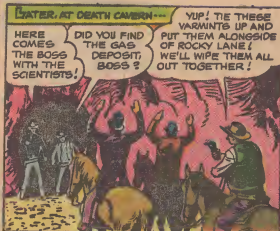
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



IT'S SHEDDING ITS SKIN WHICH MEANS IT'S BLIND AND WILL STRIKE AT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND WITHIN ITS STRIKING RANGE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! FETCH ME A FORKED STICK—PRONTO!

RIGHT, BOSS!



HAW! HAW! NOW TO SHOVE THIS BLIND RATTLER OVER TO ROCKY LANE AND THE OTHERS LIKE THIS! HAW! HAW! YORE FIRST MOVE FROM NOW ON WILL BE YORE LAST, ROCKY LANE!



LET'S GO, MEN, TO REGISTER OUR CLAIM AT THE RECORDING OFFICE! SO LONG, ROCKY LANE! THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL, FOR YOU! HAW! HAW!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THESE ROPES, BUT IF I MAKE THE SLIGHTEST SOUND THAT RATTLER WILL STRIKE WITH DEADLY ACCURACY! WAIT! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

THE HEROIC ROCKY LANE'S KEEN MIND TURNS THE DEADLY ACCURACY OF THE BLIND RATTLER FROM A THREAT OF DOOM INTO A DESPERATE CHANCE OF ESCAPE—



MY ONE CHANCE LIES IN THE BLIND RATTLER'S ACCURACY OF AIM WHEN IT STRIKES! IF IT MISSES, I'M A GONER! BUT HERE GOES!

CLICK
CLICK

THE INFURIATED RATTLER STRIKES WITH THE UNERRING INSTINCT OF ITS KIND, EMPTYING ITS DEADLY VENOM INTO ROCKY LANE'S HEELS!



THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM, I RECKON! IT TAKES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FOR A RATTLER'S POISON SACS TO REFILL AFTER STRIKING—WHICH MAKES THE VARMINT PLUMB HARMLESS! NOW TO RUB THESE ROPES OFF—



—LIKE THIS!

RIP!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROCKY LANE SWIFTLY SLASHES THE BONDS OF HIS FELLOW CAPTIVES --

THANK YOU, ROCKY! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! FOLLOW ME! I'VE A SHOWDOWN TO CALL -- PRONTO!

GET GOING, BLACK JACK! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE CLAIM OFFICE AND A MITE OF ACTION!

3QDN--

R-ROCKY LANE!! GUN 'IM DOWN, MEN!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE FOR YOUR GUNS!

AS THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST IS UNLEASHED IN A TWINKLING BLUR OF SPEED---

MY GUNS! HE SHOT 'EM OUT O' MY HANDS!

MINE TOO! HE'S GREASED LIGHTNING!

DROP THOSE SHOOTING-IRONS, YOU PASSEL OF POLECATS!

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

NOW TO TAKE MY BADGE BACK AND TEACH YOU CLAIM-JUMPING TIM-HORN'S NOT TO BUCK THE LAW IN THE FUTURE!

I QUIT-- OUCH!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

SOCK

GIT IN THAT HOOSIEGOW, YUH MANGY COVOTES!

ER, WE WISH TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING OUR LIVES, ROCKY, BUT HOW IN THE WORLD WILL WE EVER BE ABLE TO?

WHY, I RECKON THAT'S PLUMBS EASY!

DR. COGGS

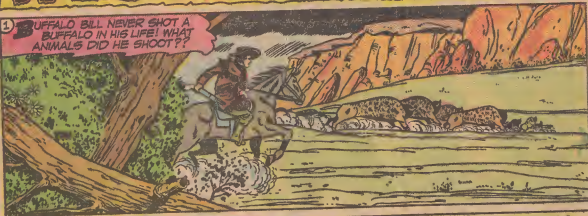
DON'T USE THAT GAS DEPOSIT FOR COLLECTING FOSSILS! THE FOLKS IN THIS TOWN CAN PUT THE GAS TO A HEAP BETTER USE, I RECKON... AND YOU GENTS CAN HAVE A HEAP MORE FUN COLLECTING THE FOSSILS FROM THE GLACIER BY HAND! SO LONG, AND GOOD LUCK!

SO LONG, ROCKY! YOU'RE PLUMB RIGHT, AS THEY SAY OUT HERE!

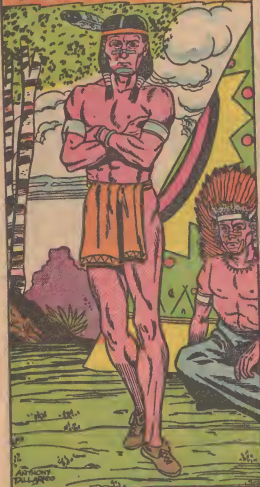
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WESTERN QUIZ !!

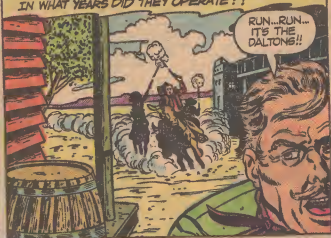
1 BUFFALO BILL NEVER SHOT A BUFFALO IN HIS LIFE! WHAT ANIMALS DID HE SHOOT??



2 EACH FEATHER IN AN INDIAN'S BONNET DENOTES A BRAVE DEED THAT HAS BEEN HONORED BY HIS TRIBE. WHAT KIND OF FEATHERS DID THEY USE??



3 TWO OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS OUTLAW GANGS WERE THE DALTONS AND THE JAMES BROTHERS. IN WHAT YEARS DID THEY OPERATE??



4 EVEN AT THIS LATE DATE THE SEMINOLE INDIANS ARE STILL TECHNICALLY AT WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. IN WHAT STATE DO THESE INDIANS LIVE??



QUIZ ANSWERS.....

#1-THE AMERICAN BISON, BUFFALO ARE FOUND PRINCIPALLY IN AFRICA AND INDIA...#2-THEY USED EAGLE FEATHERS IN THEIR BONNETS...#3-1865 TO 1890,THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD...#4-FLORIDA.

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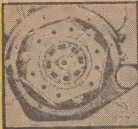
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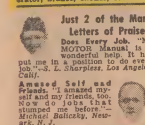
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